

"THE WISE MAN OF SENECA."

The ideal of the stoical philosophy A.D. 50.—"*Rex denique Regum.*" *Hor. Ep.*

It is not Riches make a King,
Or Robes of Tyrian colouring,
Or far-famed Royal portico,
Or golden doors of bravest show;
Nor untold wealth of Western mine,
Or all the golden sands that shine
Adown the bed that Tagus laves
With opulent pellucid waves;
Nor all the Grain that Libya stores
In all her sunlit threshing-floors.

A King fears not—he is a King
Who has no gross imagining;
Whom no ambition leads to wrong,
Or slippery favour of the Throng.
Upon Truth's vantage ground stands he
Surveying all dispassionately;
Nor breathes a sigh, nor sheds a tear,
When Death, the common lot, draws near.
On Empire's summit let him stand
Who wills it—aye, and rule the land,
Me sweet Retirement doth please,
And all the joy of gentle ease:
No Roman honours are for me,
But studious serenity.
So, when my span of life be told,
I'll die, a humble man, and old;
For Death comes, grievously, to him
Who must obey the people's whim;
He dies, to his own self alone
[Though known to others] all unknown.

H. I. R.

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